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THE THUNDER-SHOWER

The lightning flashed, and lifted
The lids of heaven apart,
The fiery thunder rolled you
All night long through my heart.

From dreams of you at dawn
I rose to the window ledge:
The storm had passed away,
The lake lapped on the sedge.

The lyre of heaven trembled
Still with the thought of you,
The twilight on the waters;
And all my spirit, too.

SONG

All my love for my sweet
I bared one day to her.
Carelessly she took it
And like a conqueror.
She bowed the neck of my soul
To fit it to her yoke,
And bridled the lips of Song—
Fear within me awoke!

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But Love cried, "Swiftly, swiftly
Bear her along the road;
Beautiful is the goal
And Beauty is the goad."

John Hall Wheelock

I HEARD A FLUTE

I heard a flute that sang unto the dawn,
The dawn dove-grey,
Until it flushed to swift desire the wan
White heart of day:

Until it brimmed the virgin-breasted hills
With golden fire,
And sang through all the azure-veined rills
Love's wild desire.

O child heart of the Dawn, who lay so mute
On Night's dark breast,
I saw you quicken to the shepherd flute
Of love's unrest;

I saw you ravished from your skyey sphere—
Fleet-foot you ran,
Down dryad paths you followed clear
The Flute of Pan.

Ruth Gaines